

## Out Of Control

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## Out Of Control

by [venus43](#)

### Summary

“Okay.” George’s expression had turned to one of deviancy, “Then do it.”

“What?”

“I’ll find something online and you’ve got to use it all day,” George had said, so completely monotonous with the words and acting as though it was the same as just asking Dream to buy him a drink or hang out with him the next day, “And if you break I get my way with you.”

or, dream wears a vibrator in public and george is a tease

### Notes

hi !!

so.. surprise ?

hope you enjoy this !! my laptop literally broke and i ended up writing half of it on my tv so this was definitely an experience. still, i dont write top george that often so this was fun !!

honk is poggers too so im glad i got to write for you :D !!

Things were never meant to go this far.

It starts with a dare – Dream’s ego getting in the way of reason, and before he knows it he’s letting George press a small remote vibrator inside of him, body twitching against black linen bedsheets.

That’s what friends do – Dream supposes, they make strange, oddly sexual bets with their friends just for the hell of it, and there may be a part of him that wonders if this isn’t exactly right, maybe he wants more from their fucked-up situation, but there’s not enough of that nagging feeling to verbalise.

“Just friends” that’s what they are, it’s all they ever will be. No relationships, no love, no nothing, and Dream might harbour some unspoken feelings towards the other, but he’s fine like that – they’re comfortable.

George had come around at noon, finding his way into Dream’s house without even knocking and he’d immediately decided to help himself to whatever was in the fridge. But Dream didn’t say anything, why would he? It’s their routine: George comes over, they hang out for a bit and then they have sex, nothing weird about it.

And it was just when they were about to get to the sex part when Dream decided to run his mouth a little.

“You could not last a whole day!” George had exclaimed, shaking his head profusely and falling back against the cushions on Dream’s couch.

“I could!” Dream insisted, “I have good willpower.”

“No you don’t.”

“I totally do.” Smugness laced Dream’s features. “You’re probably just jealous.”

“Okay.” George’s expression had turned to one of deviancy, “Then do it.”

“What?”

“I’ll find something online and you’ve got to use it all day,” George had said, so completely monotonous with the words and acting as though it was the same as just asking Dream to buy him a drink or hang out with him the next day, “And if you break I get my way with you.”

Dream crossed his arms. “And if I win?”

“The same?” George suggested, “It’s up to you.”

“I get to fuck you,” Dream proposed, watching George’s neutral expression for a moment, deciding to see if he could push it even further. “In a skirt, and you don’t get to cum.”

It didn’t seem to surprise George; in fact he had looked rather amused. He’d given Dream a small shrug, pulling his phone out of his back pocket and switching it on. “Fine, let’s get you something to wear.”

And that’s how Dream had ended up in this situation, sprawled out on all fours as George gently

massages the back of his leg and tugs on the small plug that sits inside of Dream's body to make sure it's in properly. He'd gone out of his way for this, made sure to buy all the right additional supplies, such as the right batteries and a new bottle of lube to make sure that Dream was nicely stretched and wet before pressing the toy into him.

"Fuck," Dream gasps, gripping onto the bedsheets.

The weight inside of him is only light, and he's sure that with time his mind will drift and he'll be able to forget the feeling of it inside of him, but it's still there – acting as a constant reminder of George's involvement.

"Does it feel good?" George asks.

If there's one thing that Dream's learned since he and George started this whole thing, it's that George likes to be vocal, ask him questions and thrive off of dirty responses.

Dream gives a short breath and nods against the sheets, feeling a quick slap landing on the back of his thigh. "I bet it does," George laughs, "But it's probably not big enough for you, right?"

"Shut up," Dream groans.

"I'm just saying," George shrugs, "I've seen what this ass can take, how could you be satisfied with just a toy?" He pauses as if he's giving Dream the time to think about it too. "That's the beauty of it, you're going to be hanging just on the edge all day, unable to cum because you can't satisfy yourself well enough, and when you think you're safe, I'll turn it up, let you beg and grind against my thigh until you forget about the bet because all you can think about is my cock filling you up better."

Unable to stop himself, Dream's hips try jerk down, letting his hard cock rub against the bedsheets helplessly, and he knows that this is going to be hell, that George won't give him a rest all day, but he has to focus. Because if he wins he gets George all to himself, he gets to fuck him for once, and he's not going to let that opportunity go to waste.

"Fuck you," he mutters, letting his chest hit the mattress so he can roll onto his side and push George away. "You're such a dick."

"You love my dick," George smiles. But he does as asked, letting Dream grab his underwear from the floor with no interference. Not once looking away, George's eyes trail over the flex in Dream's legs as he drags the material up, laughing when Dream sends him a knowing glance and throws a pillow in his direction.

It's strange when Dream stands up; he can feel it constantly, with each small movement the plug moves slightly inside of him, and with the way that George had pushed it in, making sure it presses directly against his prostate, every muscle in Dream's body has to tense to keep him from gasping out.

"I can't believe you actually agreed to this," George says, "You're going to end up embarrassing yourself."

"No I won't," Dream argues, pulling on his jeans next, and it's when he stands up, fastens the button around his waist and brushes himself down to see if he's presentable, that George flicks the switch. "Motherfucker," Dream gasps out, jerking slightly.

The vibrations are only slow, but they catch him off guard. Dream's jaw goes slack, his hands squeeze around nothing and the look he sends George is murderous. It's a constant feeling –

something that hits everywhere inside of him except from where he wants it most, and it takes more effort than Dream had anticipated to collect himself and shoot a falsely unphased look in George's direction.

Almost as a test, Dream can feel the vibrations get more intense, with George clicking something just out of view. And if the look on George's face says anything, it's that Dream should get used to this, because he's not going to stop.

Dream does his best to not make a sound, chewing on his lower lip as the pressure gets flicked up until it's on what Dream could almost mistake to be the worst setting.

There's a pressure building in his stomach, something he's desperately trying to hold back. And Dream already knows that if this continues he won't be able to last for long. *Curse his stupid mouth.* The look on his face must be obscene, hips grinding against the air as he tries to adjust to how good the toy inside of him feels. And despite how hard he's trying, a small whimper escapes his lips, with George smiling at the reaction largely.

"Don't tell me you're close already?" George tuts, a teasing smirk on his lips. And Dream can't stop himself from whining and resting his hand on the side table to brace himself. "You are? There's no way you'll make it through the whole day if you're like this already."

"Just turn it down," Dream bites.

Smug, George shakes his head. "You seem to be forgetting one thing Dream," he smirks, "I'm in charge here, not you."

There's pleasure wracking through Dream's body; the harsh buzz of the remote toy hitting against his prostate making him shudder. And he's hard, his legs feel like they're going to start shaking and give way, and his eyes have to squeeze shut to stop the weakness from showing there too.

Forcing a smile onto his face, Dream nods. He takes a deep breath, doing his best to not show George how wrecked he feels already. "Where are we going?"

Flashing him a smile, George hums. "Shopping."

~

For the drive there, George is courteous enough to keep the toy off. He sits in the passenger seat next to Dream, placing a hand on his thigh and not bothering to move it up, and even if he's not exactly palming Dream through his jeans, Dream can't help but feel slightly on edge.

His hands tense around the steering wheel, each bump that they roll over making him shudder as it forces the toy deeper inside of him. But, at the least, the small amount of time he gets to just sit without the fear of George turning on the toy and making Dream jerk the whole vehicle, is the most relaxed that Dream thinks he'll feel throughout the whole day.

The drive to the shopping mall is only short, but Dream makes sure to go down every street he sees, trying to delay their arrival as much as he can, and if George notices he doesn't say anything, because he's too busy watching Dream out of the corner of his eye to focus on the road ahead.

There's dread in the pit of Dream's stomach when he pulls into the parking lot, his hand resting on

the back of George's seat when he turns the car around and reverses into an empty space. He's practically pulled out of the car too; George's hands finding his once they're both standing in order to drag him across the streets and towards the large entrance.

"Stop moping," George frowns, nudging Dream in the stomach when he clocks the hesitant look on his face. "We're just going shopping."

"Shopping doesn't usually involve sex toys," Dream hisses.

"Get over it." There's no sympathy on George's face, and he lets go of all touch he has on Dream's body, fingers snaking into his pocket instead. And Dream isn't given the chance to prepare himself before the toy is pulsing inside of him, making him stutter before collecting himself again. "Or I'll make this worse than it has to be."

People pass by each second. They barely spare the two of them a glance but it still makes Dream's skin crawl. Because right now he's practically being fucked for them all to see. And there's a part of it that he likes – maybe it's the danger or the fact that with just a few more clicks George could render him a useless and moaning mess right here, but the feeling is addictive.

Without turning the toy off, George drags him into the centre, sliding doors opening up to let them through.

"What do you even need?" Dream asks, forcing the shake out of his voice.

"I'm not sure," George ponders, "Maybe some new clothes, or I think a couple new shops opened up around the back, I thought we could check them out. You don't mind, right Dream?"

It's said loudly, people around them able to hear each word, and as to not make anything seem awkward, Dream pulls a tight smile onto his face. "Not at all."

The grin that George wears is filled with mischief. He takes off towards a row of stores with Dream following closely at his heels. And throughout it all, he makes no move to turn the toy off, meaning that Dream has to try and live with the small vibrations constantly pulsing inside of him.

He's half hard, dick pressing against his jeans slightly, and Dream tries to tug his shirt down lower to stop it from showing. The steps aren't too difficult, after a while Dream can get used to the feeling, so for moments Dream can fool himself into thinking that this won't be too bad.

It's different to getting fucked. Normally, when Dream gets fucked he takes it face down, hard and fast until he's sobbing, and it's a faltering pleasure that'll change depending on George's mood, but this is different. The pleasure is never ending, it's constantly running through him, too little for him to properly get off on, but enough for him to feel it. And he almost wishes that George would just get bored and flick the switch up so it's on the highest setting – but there's no way that George won't have his fun with him first.

Stepping into the first shop, Dream tries to keep up with wherever George goes. He trails behind him with a longing expression on his face, taking whatever throws into his arms eagerly, and out of the corner of his eye he watches George when he shouldn't, studying the way the lights hit his face and the curls of hair that fall down in front of his forehead. And like this, Dream can almost imagine a future with him, going out daily with their hands interlocked and a smile on their faces. And it goes against all of the rules they've set in place, but Dream can't help it.

"No," Dream says when he's finally out of his head. George has been shoving things into his hands for Dream to hold since they arrived, and after a while the amount has become almost too much.

It's mainly sweaters; large hoodies and oversized shirts finding their way into Dream's hands, and nobody needs this many clothes, especially not George, so there's no way that Dream's going to hand over his card for it. "No," he repeats.

"What do you mean?" George asks. In his left hand he's holding another sweater, ready to throw it over Dream's arms.

Dream tries to look stern, although it fails tremendously. "You don't need that."

"Yes I do," George argues.

"George, no."

"Are you saying I can't get it?" George asks, eyebrows raised.

And Dream is just about to reiterate his last sentence, tell George that there's no way he actually needs another one of those sweaters, when he feels the vibrations that had been so low for so long, finally be turned up. Ivory teeth clamp down onto a pink lower lip, a desperate attempt to stop Dream from letting out any noises. He shoots George an angered glare and tries to stay upright, but the feeling of the toy shaking inside of him and hitting almost everywhere feels amazing.

It's so good – like bliss is being pumped through his veins, and in any other situation Dream would probably love being fucked with something like this, but the fear of someone hearing the faint buzz, or seeing the way his hands tremble makes it scarier than anything.

"Dream?" George questions, innocence on his expression as though he hasn't done anything at all. "Are you saying I can't buy it?"

"No," Dream breathes. The vibrations seem to get even more intense, Dream's hole clenching around the intrusion and he has to hold back a small gasp when George turns it up even more. "No you can get whatever you want."

"Good," George smiles. "I think we should go check out now anyway."

Slowly, the vibrations get lower, allowing Dream to walk a bit more comfortably towards the check out area, following George without another complaint. And he has to chew on his lower lip to make sure he doesn't snap. Even walking feels odd with the toy inside of him, and lasting all day seems like something that'll surely never happen, but his pride is in the way and Dream won't give up just yet.

They wait in the queue for mere seconds, George smiling at one of the workers when a place opens and dragging Dream over with him. Sighing, Dream drops the clothing onto the counter and reaches for his wallet, catching the smile on George's face out of the corner of his eye. He grabs his card, letting the worker see it slightly to show how he's paying, and he digs his nails into his palm when the vibrations start going up again.

It's like a game, like George just wants to see him break. And in all honesty, Dream wouldn't be surprised if George's real plan was to just embarrass him until he's begging for it to stop and for them to go home (which wouldn't be an unlikely situation).

"That'll be 106 dollars sir," the worker says, barely looking up to watch Dream's shaking hands go towards the machine. He's breathing heavily, feeling his cock twitch in his pants and trying not to say anything, and it's so pathetic that so little has got him like this but he can't help it.

Beside him, George offers no support, smiling smugly as though he isn't doing anything at all, and

Dream has always admired his ability to hide those emotions no matter their situation, but right now he hates it more than anything. What makes it even worse is that even when Dream is punching his pin into the machine, George can't seem to settle on a definite speed for the vibrator – constantly teasing it between the highest and the lowest setting. And any chance that Dream had to stop himself from getting too desperate has been thrown out of the window.

His cock almost hurts, it's aching in his pants and he can feel pre-cum leaking at the tip, staining the top of his underwear and making him feel slightly uncomfortable in his boxers. Dream can feel himself starting to get that glassy, almost blank look in his eyes that he gets from pleasure like this but he does his best to stay focused and just pay for George's things so they can leave already, watching the transaction go through with impatience.

"Do you need a receipt?" The worker asks once they're done, folding everything into a bag that George moves to take a hold of.

"No we're fine," George dismisses, an arm coming to wrap around Dream's waist and steer him away from the counter, "Isn't that right Dreamie."

Shuddering, Dream nods. He feels so worked up – the fact that he hasn't even been touched properly making his need even more embarrassing. He's walking on eggshells, keeping his mouth closed so he doesn't start begging for George to touch him while the worker's still watching.

Gently, George prods him in the side, signalling that it's time for them to move, and with the way that Dream's hands tremble and his feet don't know where to lead him, a simple task such as leaving the shop is proved more difficult than it should be.

Dream has always been more sensitive than others. He's always reacted largely to miniscule touches and small motions of acknowledgement, so he does his best not to speak – wondering if the people they pass can see the sweat that drips down his forehead in small, restricted beads. And the toy inside of him never stops – although George may have realised that getting Dream completely fucked up in a public area may not be a good idea, because his once constant switching of the speed goes down tremendously,

For a while they just wander without aim, George leading the two of them into occasional stores, with the intent to put Dream into as much debt as possible apparently. And the bags are pushed into Dream's hands for him to try and carry while also trying not to let his legs give way at the feeling of the vibrator buzzing slowly inside of him.

The problem in his pants hasn't gone down at all, in fact it's only gotten worse with time, meaning that Dream has to hold himself back from grinding against anything in sight. It might be because the toy is so small, it doesn't fill him up in the way he's used to, in fact all it does is leave Dream silently squirming around in his place and wishing to have something replace it properly. It was a dumb bet, now that he's here standing him public with the toy inside of him he can see that. And he can barely care for trying to win, all he wants to do is get off.

What hurts the most is that George is barely even paying attention to what's going on. He's going about his day as though Dream isn't standing in front of him doing one of the hottest things they've ever tried. So when a thought flashes through Dream's mind, he can barely stop himself from plotting even more.

"George," he whines, voice dropping so that only the other can hear it. He snakes a hand around his waist, letting his chin fall onto a mess of brown hair. "George please help me."

His hips move forwards of their own accord, letting George feel the way his dick presses up

against his jeans and shows his obvious arousal. And in front of him, Dream can feel George's body stiffen as he looks around the area.

"Get off of me," George practically hisses, "We're in public."

"I know," Dream mumbles. The vibrator gets faster, probably to try and stop Dream from doing anything stupid – a warning of what's to come if he does. But Dream is too turned on to care; he can feel himself clench down around the toy and it doesn't stop him from sliding a cold palm up the side of George's shirt. "Believe me, I know."

"You're being stupid," George spits, "We've barely been here for an hour, you can hold out a little longer."

"I can't," Dream mutters, "I need you now."

All thoughts of winning have been removed from his brain, and in hindsight he should have never agreed to this because when it comes to George he's never been good at holding back. He's being difficult but it's hard to care, and George looks less annoyed than he should, even if he's putting on a strong act.

"Later," George says decisively, "You made the bet and you're not giving up on it now."

He doesn't have it in him to argue. Breathing heavily, Dream nods. He follows George cautiously, keeping his hands to himself as George leans against his side and says, "I'm actually kind of hungry, you wouldn't mind if we stopped somewhere to eat, right?"

George is practically taunting him, batting his eyelashes, and hiding a smirk. "I don't know," Dream mumbles.

"Come on," George smiles, "On me?"

"Fine," Dream mutters. His hands find their way to his pockets, head ducked down slightly as they find somewhere nice to eat. And the vibrations that course through his body make Dream's head feel light, as though he's somewhere completely different.

His mind is almost blank, like he's floating all the way to the diner that George has chosen. And when they arrive he lets George take him towards a small booth in the corner, just out of sight from the other people that have come to eat.

Sitting down makes the plug shift inside of him. "Shit," Dream yelps, face going red when he realises there are definitely people around – and even if he isn't directly under their gaze, he's sure they can hear his noises.

In front of him, George giggles, as though he thrives on Dream's embarrassment. And he grabs a menu to start reading what's available.

"I want a burger," George says eventually.

"Why are you telling me?"

"Because you're ordering it," George shrugs, acting like it should be obvious, "And coke."

"I can't order," Dream exclaims, voice shaking and flooded with pleasure.

"Yes you can," George says, "The waiter is coming over anyway, so you better get ready."



Alarmed, Dream tries to sit a little straighter, wincing when the vibrator moves to hit at a different angle. But he tries not to show anything on his face, placing his hands under the table so no one can see the way they tremble.

“Hi,” the waiter says, standing at the edge of their table and giving them both a quick glance. If they notice anything wrong they don’t mention it, holding a pen and paper in front of their chest. “What can I get you?”

At first Dream doesn’t answer. He stares at George as if he’ll save him from the humiliation, but George stares straight back, raising an eyebrow.

“Uh he’ll get a burger,” Dream chokes out, “And a coke.”

“Anything on that?” The waiter asks, noting it down.

“No thanks,” Dream mutters, and honestly he couldn’t care less if it isn’t what George wants, he just wants to stop speaking.

“And you?”

“I’ll get the same.” Dream can feel the vibrations running through him, and when they dip down even lower only to be sent straight to the top, Dream jerks slightly.

“Sorry,” Dream winces, “I just hit my leg on the table.”

The waiter doesn’t seem to buy it but they don’t say anything, giving a small smile and then asking, “So, is that it?”

“Yeah,” Dream nods, “Thank you.”

The waiter leaves immediately, leaving the two of them to sit in silence, and neither of them offer up another word, Dream because he doesn’t know how it’d come out, and George because of his own smugness. Their meals come fairly quickly too, and Dream tries to nod at the waiter in thanks but he barely manages it.

The vibrations are on max, they make Dream shake as he tries to take slow bites of his meal, and after a while he has to put it down because he’s so awfully close to dropping things. Watching George closely, Dream can see the way he smirks and tries to take as long as he can while eating, and the pacing makes Dream wonder how much of this he can really take.

“George,” Dream says, “I don’t think I can last much longer.”

Sparing him a glance, George looks up, “What do you mean?”

“You know what I mean,” Dream pleads.

“I do.” There’s a giggle, a sign that George really might not have any mercy, and Dream can feel the tears start to form in his eyes.

“Then what do you want me to do?” Dream asks, trying not to shiver when the vibrations get harder, the toy fucking into him when he shifts in his seat, forcing the tip against his prostate and making him moan loudly.

Few faces turn to stare at him, making Dream blush in embarrassment. He looks like a wreck, he’s sweating and his legs are squeezing together, and he’s subtly trying to ride the toy that’s inside of

him, lifting his hips slightly to try and make the toy press against all the spots that he wants it to.

And George is watching him do it, keeping the vibrations on the highest setting while Dream does his best not to orgasm at the slightest touch.

“Do you think you could cum untouched?” George asks, leaning forwards slightly. He toys with his fork, dangling it about with his other hand propping up his face. “With everyone here just watching you?”

Dream holds back his whimper, subtly trying to grind his hips down against the toy. His cock is aching, hurting so much as Dream desperately tries to find some friction to rut against.

“You’d probably like it,” George laughs, “You’ve always been a bit of a slut.”

“George,” Dream whines, his voice quiet.

“Fucking yourself with that toy like you’re just some desperate whore.” George drops the fork, letting his hands trail across the table so he can take Dream’s hand in his own and pull him closer. Fingers dance over the goosebumps on his skin leaving trails of pink in their place, and Dream shivers at the touch, trying his best not to make another sound.

“You are a whore though, aren’t you Dream?” George’s words feel like poison, said in a way that’s so sickly sweet but it still manages to make Dream’s skin crawl with something insatiable. “You’re my pretty little whore who’s only good for taking cock and making a mess of himself. It’s kind of pathetic.”

The words make Dream weak. His breathing gets heavier and his lip is almost bleeding with how much he’s chewing on it, and the possibility of him losing it right there and cumming in his pants just from the feeling of the vibrator stretching him open is getting more and more plausible with each passing second.

“George please,” Dream begs, “I need to cum, please let me.”

“I never said you weren’t allowed to,” George laughs, letting his nails scrape over Dream’s skin, “I just said I wouldn’t fuck you.”

“No,” Dream whines, “George I need it.”

“You *need* it?” George mocks, “Really now? I haven’t even ordered dessert.”

Dream’s hand moves to grab George’s wrist, plainly ignoring the angered glare that George shoots in his direction as pleasure wracks through his body and practically makes him delirious. He’s thankful they’re in such a closed off booth, because if anyone got a good look at him like this, Dream would be more than embarrassed.

With both hands, Dream grabs onto George’s palm, holding on tightly as he does his best to not let his desire leak into his eyes too.

“Bathroom,” Dream pleads, barely stopping his voice from shaking while he digs his nails into George’s palm. “Please George.”

He’s almost twitching, a shudder wracking through his body as he feels the vibrations course through him. There’s a smug smile on George’s face, as though he isn’t currently torturing Dream

with the most pleasure he's ever felt, and to anyone else they probably just look like a couple – holding hands over their shared table, but if anyone looked too closely they'd be able to see the way Dream's breathing comes out in small puffs, or his legs tense and try to stay firmly rooted to the ground to stop them from trembling.

"I don't know," George says, disinterest in his tone. "I'm not sure if I feel like it.

It's so obviously a lie, there's a glint in his eye that tells Dream just how turned on he is by the sight of Dream falling apart for him like this, but George is a tease. Even if Dream has given up on the bet they made, George certainly hasn't.

"Besides," George mutters, "I thought you wanted to fuck me or something, didn't you mention a skirt too?"

It's a dirty fantasy, George sitting on his bed in something pink, maybe pleated with the ends just touching his thighs, but Dream can barely care for it. "I don't care," he whimpers, "I just need you to fuck me."

Rolling his eyes, George shakes Dream's grip off of him, getting to his feet and gesturing for the other to follow. It takes all of Dream's strength not to fall to his knees right then and there, and he picks himself up, feeling the toy move away from where it had been pressing up against his prostate torturously.

Walking feels like agony, bliss tearing through Dream's veins and making him delirious. And all he can think about is how after so long George is finally going to fuck him. He's trying to keep out of his head and it's a struggle but he somehow manages it.

Badly hiding a smile, George takes his hand, the touch making Dream falter. He drags him towards the bathrooms towards the back, noting the glances that strangers are giving them, obviously seeing what's going on between the two of them, but thankfully no one says anything. Meaning that Dream can hang onto the last few shreds of his dignity in peace.

Stumbling through the door, Dream feels himself get pushed into a stall, barely having time to assess his surroundings and see how many others are in there with them, and it could be many but George doesn't care. He follows Dream into a stall, anger on his face when he presses Dream up against the thin wall.

"I can't believe you," George spits, fumbling with Dream's belt and pushing his jeans down so they're around his thighs. He grabs his underwear, pulling them down to let the cold air hit Dream's fully hard dick. And before he knows it, Dream's being shoved to the side, so he's no longer facing George and has to place two hands in front of him and on the wall.

Quickly, his underwear is dragged fully down, a rough palm grabbing at his ass and spreading him open, and he has to choke back a moan as he feels a finger settle on the plug that rests inside of him.

There's no time to react, and all Dream can do is go along with what George is doing.

"Fucking pathetic," George grumbles.

It's all so fast; George grabbing onto the base of the toy and tugging on it to gauge Dream's reaction. And by the small breathy gasp he lets out, he must deem it a good one. Dream can feel his hole clench around nothing, the sudden and overwhelming need to be full hitting him like a tonne of bricks, and Dream may have talked a big game but at the end of the day he'll always find

himself back here, begging for George to touch him and fuck him in a way he doesn't deserve.

"There you go," George mutters. The sound of his pants getting unzipped not going unheard by Dream's ears. "Is that better."

The immediate relief of the vibrator being taken out is replaced immediately by desperation. Dream's head hits the door of the stall they're in, his back arching slightly, and he's putting on a show, trying to get George to come undone too, but it's not working.

"Tell me." George's hands move to spread him open, his pink rim being exposed fully, and he leans down to spit directly onto Dream's hole, making him flinch and gasp in surprise.

"No," Dream whines, "No George I need you."

"What?" George asks, smirk obvious in his tone. "But before you were so sure you'd be able to last all day, you even made some pretty bold claims, there's no way you're almost there already, right?"

Biting back a snarky reward, Dream squeezes his eyes shut. "George please, fuck me already."

"We're in public Dream," George says, "I can't fuck you here, what if someone hears?"

"Let them," Dream pleads.

"God," George scoffs, "You're such a slut."

His thoughts are almost audible, and Dream knows that he'll be in for it later, and maybe he knew he'd never actually win, maybe it was all some stupid, elaborate ploy to spend a day out with George and then have sex with him after – but if it was, Dream would never admit it, because that'd be far more humiliating than anything else he could even think about doing.

Thankfully, George is courteous enough to press his fingers into Dream first. The sound of him pressing three into his mouth and sucking around them lands on Dream's ears, a small whimper slipping from his lips in anticipation for what's to come. And Dream wishes he could see it, George's mouth wrapped around his fingers as he gets them wet enough to work Dream open again.

In all honesty, Dream doesn't really need it but he's thankful for the thought. And two of George's fingers make their way in at once, making sure that Dream is still stretched from the plug and ready for him still. His fingers feel so good, they're long and slender and fuck into Dream so perfectly. And George makes sure to move them immediately, spreading them open and hitting everywhere but Dream's prostate.

He's deliberate with his motions, a third wet finger tracing over Dream's rim before pressing in. And even though he's been wearing the plug all day, Dream still feels slightly weak at the new stretch. George fucks him on his fingers until his legs shake. Dream's thighs tremble and he's trying so hard not to whine and whimper and let out all the noises he wants to in case someone can hear but some still manage to escape.

"You're enjoying this," George chuckles, watching his fingers disappear into Dream's body. "I knew this is how today would end."

He pulls his fingers out too soon, leaving Dream so open and waiting, and all Dream wants is to feel George inside of him properly. Breathly gasps leave his lips every other second, his eyes squeezing shut as he waits for it, and now, even if he begs he doesn't think that George will bend

to his needs.

The head of George's cock presses up against him, not yet pushing in but threatening to, and Dream has to hold himself back from pushing against the intrusion immediately.

"Fine," George mutters, sounding far more annoyed than he actually is, "But if you cum you know what'll happen."

It feels like a minor loss at this point – whatever George could have planned as a punishment couldn't be worse than having to walk home and go through the rest of the day with his cock throbbing in his pants.

So, stupidly Dream nods, panting and saying, "That's fine, that's fine George, just put it in."

He shakes his ass a little to try and convince him, feeling a possessive hand start to knead his asscheeks and keep him spread open so that George can watch himself drag his cock over Dream's entrance.

"We don't have lube," George notes, "Do you really want me to just use spit?"

Pathetically, Dream nods, trying to hold back all of the pitiful noises that threaten to leave his lips. He needs it so badly, he wants to feel George throbbing inside of him, to cum around his cock.

"Are you really that pathetic?" George mumbles, although Dream can hear him spit into his palm anyway, stroking his cock and slicking himself up so he can keep himself settled over Dream's hole.

He's big, the feeling of the head tracing over his rim making Dream keen, and he has to remember that they're still in a public place and he can't just make the same slutty noises that he's used to, but it's difficult – especially with the way that George starts to push into him.

It almost feels like he's splitting open. George is unforgiving, he doesn't wait for Dream to adjust and the amount of spit that he's used means that there's a slight pain that comes with the stretch, but Dream savours the feeling anyway.

The plug had kept him open all day, just waiting for George's cock instead and now that he finally has it he can't find it in himself to complain. It feels like he's being filled completely, as though George is managing to hit every single spot inside of him without having to try. And Dream hates the fact that he'd never even try to pass up on an opportunity to get fucked like this in favour of some stupid fantasy,

His nails scrape against the door, teeth digging into his lower lip in order to muffle his sounds, and he can feel when George shifts slightly to try and find an even better angle to start his thrusts.

"You ready?" George asks, sounding almost as out of it as Dream feels, and it makes Dream wonder if watching Dream get so wrecked turned George on just as much as it did for him.

"Yes," he chokes out.

The first thrust knocks the breath out of his lungs immediately. Dream doesn't think he can speak anymore, George's cock keeps him so stretched and full and he doesn't think there's going to be anything better than this, and the immediate rhythm that's set up is so agonisingly slow that it makes Dream's mind fuzzy,

When it comes to sex, George has always been slightly reserved, preferring to let Dream do the

work by sitting on his back and making him put on a show. But now he's being cruel. His thrusts aren't shallow, they hit deep inside of Dream's body and brush against his prostate to make him gasp, but they're so painfully slow that they make Dream want to scream.

"George," he pleads, "George faster."

"What?" A hum of acknowledgement. "Did you say you want it faster?"

As if to taunt him, George moves his hips harshly, thrusting into Dream without patience, and Dream doesn't even have to stay anything before he starts a pace that can only be described as brutal. It's fast, so fast that Dream doesn't know if his body can keep up with it, and he's so sensitive that being fucked like this almost sends him over the edge immediately.

Dream's hand trails down to his cock, wrapping around it and desperately trying to jerk himself off to the same rhythm, but he can't do it, his hands shake too much and he can't grip tight enough, and George must see the attempt, because he laughs and knocks Dream's hand away to replace it with his own.

"You're pathetic," George laughs, the words quiet but still finding their way to Dream's ears, "Can't even jerk yourself off properly."

Dream's orgasm sits at the pit of his stomach, and each thrust makes him gasp out for breaths that he doesn't have. George's words make him feel dirty but for some reason he doesn't hate it, and even if he's writhing and gasping in a bathroom stall while George fucks him as though he's just a toy, Dream still feels like he's won something.

It's perfect, George's hand squeezes his cock and twists as he strokes, making Dream feel like he's floating. His cock twitches in Dream's grip, and George doesn't stop even when a shudder wracks through Dream's frame.

It's perfect, being fucked in such a dirty way, and Dream loves every second of it. He wants to feel like this forever, to have George's cock inside of him like this all the time, and with how on edge he's been all day, it's not surprising that he's close already.

"*Fuck,*" Dream whines, barely managing to keep quiet. His body moves with George's, hole clenching down around his cock when he gets closer. And Dream can't hold back for much longer. "George," he gasps, "George, can I cum?"

There's a laugh. "You're asking me?" George mutters, bitterness lacing his tone. Although the words are whispered, so that only Dream can hear him, his venom is still there and makes Dream light-headed.

"Yes," Dream breathes, "Yes, can I?"

Even if George said no, Dream doesn't know if he'd be able to hold back, so when George lets out a quiet, "Yes," Dream lets out a pornographic moan before spilling hard over George's fist.

Eyes roll back into Dream's skull, his orgasm taking any energy he had and discarding it completely. And the sudden sensitivity that he feels make each movement of George's cock inside of him even more intense. His mind goes completely black, darkness consuming his vision, and all that Dream can feel is the way that George is still fucking him through it.

He rides on the high for as long as he can, George milking him for everything he's worse, and when the hand on his cock lets go and is placed on his side instead, Dream knows he's still in for it.

George doesn't stop fucking him. In fact, his thrusts seem to get even harder – aiming directly for Dream's prostate to see how much he can take. And Dream's whimpers haven't stopped either, just because he doesn't think himself capable of forming actual words.

“George,” he slurs, forehead pressed against the wall, “George.”

He wants to know if George is close too, if he's going to cum soon or he'll hold himself back until Dream is crying properly, and there are tears in Dream's eyes that threaten to fall down his cheeks and leave blue stained marks on pretty pale skin.

Every nerve in his body feels as though it's on fire as he's fucked into oversensitivity. And Dream doesn't know how long he can take it, but he doesn't want George to stop just yet.

Seconds feel like hours, and each brutal thrust leaves Dream even more breathless, but eventually George leans forward, letting his chest press up against Dream's chest. “Close,” he mutters, squeezing Dream's waist.

His cock throbs inside of Dream's body, signalling how dangerously on the edge he is too. But Dream is too deliriously happy to care, drunk on the feeling of being fucked like this and unable to say anything about it.

Within seconds George is spilling into him, filling him with his cum and fucking it into Dream's body too. His hips stutter, the ruthless pace relenting as George holds back a loud groan and finally lets himself go. And when he pulls himself out, George doesn't let any of his cum drip from Dream's body, plugging him back up again as quickly as possible.

“Fuck,” George mumbles, sounding breathless.

He reaches for his pants, trying to pull themselves back up so he can tuck himself away again, and Dream wants to do the same but he's too tired to do anything about it. He's made a mess of the inside of his shirt, cum cooling on the material and he doesn't know how he's going to go back out there without drawing stares. Humming softly, George turns him around to get a good look of the fucked-out expression on his face.

“Are you alright?” George asks, half joking.

Dream nods, “Yeah.” His voice is croaky, barely functioning, and he's so tired that he thinks he might pass out, so there's no possible way he'll be able to drive.

There's a faint smile on George's lips, “You lost the bet,” he comments.

“Don't care,” Dream says, “Just take me home.”

~

When they get back to Dream's house they both shower immediately. Dream looks like hell – his hair is a mess and his bones are tired, and his shirt is practically sticking to his skin with sweat. George takes it upon himself to get Dream clean, pushing him under the hot water and stepping in there with him.

Dream likes the warmth, he likes the way it stings his skin then melts into something nice, and he

likes the way that George's eyes close when he stands under the running water and runs a hand through his hair.

And they mutter small, miniscule words to each other that mean more to them than anyone else. Later they find themselves on the couch together, George's feet in Dream's lap and they laugh while watching some old show that George likes.

It's all strangely domestic but if either of them notice they don't point it out. Eventually, maybe as a way to lighten the mood, George stands up, disappearing into one of Dream's rooms and coming back with something dark in his hands.

"Put this on," George orders, throwing something into Dream's hands. And the surprise that Dream wears must be obvious because George giggles slightly. "You wanted to see me in it, but I think it'd suit you more."

"Really?" Dream asks. He holds the material up in front of him, watching neatly ironed pleats fall down in front of his eyes and it makes him wonder how long George has actually had this, because he's certainly never seen it before.

"Yep," George smiles, "Now please."

Huffing slightly, Dream gets up from his place on the couch, holding the skirt over his arm and trailing off into the bathroom to go and try it on. He studies the material as he walks, noting the black check design with the hints of red and wondering how it'd look against his skin. And maybe not getting to see George in something like this is worth it, because for some reason Dream's cheeks burn red at the thought of getting to wear something like this.

In the bathroom, Dream pulls the skirt up past his thighs, turning around in a long mirror to see how the skirt makes him look. And he's almost surprised at how much he likes it. It frames his figure in a nice way, makes his ass look nice and his thighs look even better. And he's kicked off almost all of his clothes other than his underwear and the thin shirt that he pulled on after his shower.

His ass almost hangs out of the end, and Dream is sure that even bending over slightly will show off everything that lies underneath. He can feel himself getting slightly hard at the thought – bending over in front of George and teasing him with how good he looks in it.

And there's some humiliation that comes with being asked to wear something so skimpy, especially because he knows how much it'll probably turn George on. But Dream tries not to show it, especially when he wanders out of the bathroom and back to where George is sitting in the front room.

"You like it?" Dream asks, leaning against the door between rooms with his hand on his thigh, pulling the material up slightly.

On the couch, George's eyes widen, fingers digging into his own leg to stop him from moving.

And Dream doesn't know whether he should be nervous or apprehensive or scared in any possible way, but he lets his hair hang down in front of his eyes, a cocky smile teasing his lips. "You like it?" He taunts. He takes a confident step into the room, moving to brush over George's shoulders before straddling his lap. "Now what was that bet again? Something about me begging, right?"

The devilish glint in George's eye is back, and his hands find their way to Dream's thighs, roaming over the exposed skin. "Yeah," he mumbles.



It's all new territory, the both of them using each others bodies for sex and not thinking about feelings, and maybe one day Dream will ask for something more – wonder if George is harbouring the same secrets as he is, but right now he isn't going to ask. He's perfectly content with letting George fuck him until he can't walk without having to ask whether they can cuddle ten minutes after. And maybe it's a fucked-up situation, maybe Dream shouldn't have let it go this far, but now he has and there's no turning back.

Tomorrow Dreams back will hurt and he won't be able to feel his legs, and he'll throw things at George until he's laughing and apologising in a way that they both know he doesn't mean. Now though, Dreams staring at George and the red flush on his cheeks, and he's thinking of just how pretty he looks so he can't care.

Dream doesn't need his love to be requited; he can be content with loving George in secret and having sex with him like nothing's changed, because in all honesty, nothing has changed. George probably knows how he feels anyway.

Warm hands cover every inch of Dream's body, roaming over his skin without restraint.

“Should we take this to the bedroom?” George asks, leaning forwards so he can say it against Dream's lips.

“We should,” Dream mumbles. Their noses bump, something so intimate but not unwanted. “But I don't think I can wait that long.”

When they kiss it's like burning flames, heat rushing through Dream's body and making him feel safe. And it's so perfect and so sugary sweet that he'll never risk letting it go.

“Round 2 then,” George laughs against his lips.

They'll have sex again. George will work him open slowly, fuck him deep and hard and make sure he's crying in pleasure, sobbing just because of how good George is being to him. Dream will love every second of it too – he won't hold himself back and George won't push too far, their silent communication will make things simple in a way that “real” couples could only dream of.

So maybe fuck buddies is all they'll ever be formally. But Dream knows it's more than that – their title doesn't matter if they're already spending every night in each other's arms.

So ream is perfectly happy with the way things are – even if things have gone further than intended. No one can blame him for that.

## End Notes

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